crime, selfishness, folly and violence, and sincerely desires to free himself from the taint of history. He wants to be taught to see himself, to see others, and to see the truth, objectively, however unpleasant these might be to him personally. He tells Fanny Assingham,

"*I* can pretty well do anything... I shall always want, your eyes, through them I wish to look - even at any risk of their showing me what I may n't like. For then, I shall know. And of that I shall never be afraid."[10]

Coupled with his terror of his tainted ancestral past, and his displeasure with his own personal past, is his fear that he is lacking in moral sense. Commenting on his tack of moral sense, the Prince tells Mrs. Assingham, "The moral, dear Mrs. Assingham. I mean, always, as you others consider... Your moral sense works by steam - it sends you up like a rocket. Ours is slow and steep and unlighted, with so many steps missing."[41] It is this Mephistophilean self-criticism, and Faustian self-awareness, that redeems the Prince in the end, making of him a Second Adam, a Promethean Hero doubled into the Christian. Oscar Cargill describes the Prince as being "amoral" or rather, umnstructed in morality. The alleviating feature of his character is his serious moral concern for himself. To the Prince, character cannot exist independent of moral sense; and it is "character" which he admires most in others, and is anxious to cultivate it himself. He wants his wife to have it. "He expected her, desired her, to have character; his wife should have it, and he was n't afraid of her having too much. He had had, in his earlier time, to deal with plenty of people who had had it; notably with the three or four ecclesiastics, his great uncle, the Cardinal, above all, who had taken a hand and played part in his education... He was thus fairly on the look-out for this characteristic in his most intimate, as she was to become, of his associates. He encouraged it when it appeared."*[3] The "golden bowl" of the Prince's character, despite all its charm

and brilliance, has a basic crack, in as much as it is wanting in moral sense. The Prince is aware of it, but, uncertain as he is of his moral moorings, he is swept off his feet by the irresistible tide of his passions and by the muddy flood of his shameful personal history.

Order is, however, restored, and calm established, through the infusion of "moral sense" by Maggie Verver, whose rare display of character - of endurance, of silent courage, of love and forgiveness - wins back for her, in the end, the love of her husband, a love »n which admiration has become adoration.